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There is a hymn in one of the New England "collections" commencing, "Purge me with soap, make clean," which was given out one Sunday morning. The precursor set the hymn to a waltz tune; a fact which he did not discover, until half twice or thrice endeavored to "execute" the first sentence, "Purge me with hyssop," &c. The length out of all patience, an old maid, who the treble whined out, "*hush! you better take a little other garb Mr B—*"